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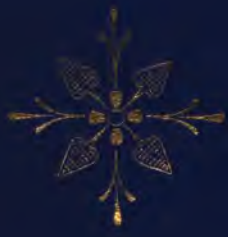

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

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MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

TO THE GUELDER ROSE BY MOONLIGHT.

LOVELY tree! the cloudless moon,
Diffusing soft delight,
Thy countless balls of living snow
Is flooding with her light.

No breath disturbs the silvery scene,
The checkered shadows sleep;
Unruffled are the willow boughs,
As gracefully they weep.

Sweet music, in the thickest shade,
Enchants the deep repose;
It is the nightingale that sings
Thy praise, fair Guelder rose.

O night of beauty! when the calm
Of death shall close our eyes,
May sweeter music, richer light,
Await us in the skies;

Where, fairer than the snowy rose
In moonlight loveliness,
The eternal flowers of Paradise
Our raptured sight shall bless.

PIZARRO.

ATAHUALPA sat in peace
Upon his golden throne,
When the base-born Spaniard came
And seized it for his own:
Perfidious as pitiless,
The fierce Pizarro came,
To quench with streams of human blood,
Sweet Freedom's heaven-lit flame.

The guiltless Inca's life he took,
His worshippers subdued;
With nought like mercy was his heart
Of adamant imbued.
He sheathed not his relentless sword,
Though slippery were his feet,
Encrimsoned with the massacre
The tyrant deemed so sweet.

Almagro's ire was justly roused,
But, ah! he fought in vain;
The conqueror's stronger arm prevailed,
The injured one was slain.
But quick his gallant son arose,
Impatient for revenge;
And soon did he his father's death
Triumphantly avenge.

Pizarro fell! No tender tear
Dropped on his mangled form;
The condor snuffed it from afar,
And snatched it from the worm.
The puma and the jaguar passed
The carcass where it lay,
But 'twas unworthy of their jaws—
They growled and turned away.

Peru hath shaken off her chains,
And century after century
Hath passed since Atahualpa reigned,
The happy and the free;
But in her faithful records still,
Traced in her victim's blood,
Pizarro's ever-hateful name
Conspicuous hath stood.

——o——

THE MOUNTAIN GEM.

A TRADITION OF HUNGARY.

HIGH in the Carpathian mountains
Shone the loveliest gem of earth,—
A carbuncle, whose sparkling glory
Lighted up the rugged dearth.

On a precipice's summit,
Near the line of endless snow,
Did this stone, of matchless lustre,
Undisturbed by mortal, glow.

Inaccessible to footstep,
Far beyond the arrow's flight,
Towered the rock whose crown of splendour
Mocked the charmed beholder's sight.

Many a king desired its beauty,
Many a climber vainly tried
To secure the prize whose radiance
Served but as his fatal guide.

In the silence of the valley
Lay a green, pellucid lake,
To whose brink the graceful chamois
Oft repaired its thirst to slake.

Placid was that lake's pure bosom,
Save when storms the Baltic stirred;
Then its waves, in wild commotion,
Dashing 'gainst the rocks were heard.

Its waters bright were fathomless,
Connected with the distant sea;
Nor bird nor insect skimmed its surface,
Reflecting neither flower nor tree.

Yet, how smiled the desolation
In the rich, enchanting flush
Which the carbuncle emitted,
Making e'en the moonlight blush!

Radiating back the sunbeams
It imbibed throughout the day,
Its gorgeous flood of heavenly brilliance
Kept the shades of night at bay.

"O to gain that peerless jewel!"
Did a reckless hunter cry,
"I will pledge my soul to Satan
For a ball to reach the sky."

When the eve approached, the hunter
Sought the mighty mountain's base;
Through the air his bright ball whistled,
And the treasure did displace.

Upward flew the gem of beauty,
Down into the lake it fell,
Nevermore to light the valley,
But below the waves to dwell.

The green "eye of the sea" grew gloomy,
Ever turbid is it now;
The rosy light no longer tinges
The snow upon the mountain's brow.

TO THE ACONITE.

EARLY flower, whose cup of gold
Shrinks not from the nipping cold;
Whose scalloped frill of emerald hue
Is struggling through the frozen dew;
How I love to see thee peep
From thy long sepulchral sleep!
Not when warbling birds are filling
All the air with love-notes thrilling—
Not in summer's sunny days
Com'st thou to receive our praise;
But when January's blasts
Howl, and gloom the sky o'ercasts—
When all scentless is thy bed—
Thou dost lift thy beauteous head.
Ah! how few, like thee, bright flower,
Are constant in the trying hour!

—o—

THE BANSHEE.

HARK! the mournful Banshee's coming!
Hear'st thou not her dismal wail?
Laden is the sultry night air
With her sadly ominous tale.

This the spirit's language seemeth
To the castle's shuddering lord:
"Fill no more thy golden goblet,
"Thou must leave the banquet board."

Louder grow her lamentations—
Anguish is in every note;
Round the donjon walls they're sweeping,
O'er the waters of the moat;
Through the forest's depths they echo,
Mingling with the rising storm;
While the Banshee her white mantle
Gathers round her dreaded form.

Now the haughty lord is filling
To the brim another draught;
But a plaintive cry assails him
Ere the bubbling wine is quaffed.
Suddenly his hand is palsied,
Ghastly pallid grows his face;
The awe-struck vassals throng around him,
Death is in their master's place.

—o—

TO A BUNCH OF COWSLIPS.

WELCOME, bunch of golden flowers!
Fragrant of the blissful hours
When I loved your stalks to snap
And heap your clusters in my lap.
As my evening walk I took
To ponder Nature's matchless book,
How lovingly the nightingale
Sang to you her thrilling tale!
Your honeyed breath was incense meet
To be inhaled by bard so sweet.
Richly laden, I would creep
Beside the hedge, with prying peep;
Delighted when my eager eye
Some mossy treasure could descry:
In the whitethorn bush I'd feel,
The sparrow's bright blue eggs to steal,
But never ventured to molest
The sacred wren's or robin's nest.
Oh! where's the heart that ne'er doth yearn
For life's blest springtime to return?
I love to live it o'er again—
To linger on the untiring strain;
And cowslips sweet, more prized by me
Than purest gems from mine or sea;
So long as life my bosom warms,
I'll worship your unrivalled charms.

THE SQUAW'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF NIAGARA.

THE Chief had moored his light canoe
Safe from the current's power;
And down he lay, to sleep away
A glorious summer hour.

And as he slept, there came to him
A most delicious dream;
He fancied he was gliding down
A clear and gentle stream.

On either bank sweet-scented flowers
Their blossoms did expand;
And here and there fruit-laden trees
Shut out all sight of land.

Onward went his little bark,
Gently down the stream;
But suddenly a change came o'er
The beauty of his dream.

Black clouds obscured the azure sky,
The wind howled through the trees,
Whose foliage from its slumber roused,
Now fluttered in the breeze.

More rapid grew the gentle stream—
The boat began to rock;
And now 'twas dashed, with dreadful force,
Against a frowning rock.

Up starts the Chief—his dream is o'er—
A single glance tells all;
In the foaming rapids' mad career
He's hastening to the fall.

His hands are crossed upon his breast,
His eyes are raised to heaven;
Ere he descends, he supplicates
His sins may be forgiven.

Over the crystal curve he shoots
Into the gulf below.
Whose boiling waters bear him on,
Unconscious, in their flow.

His Squaw had cut the boat adrift,
While tranquilly he slept;
Like a dark serpent, down the bank
All noiselessly she crept.

Revenge was sweet, her knife was sharp,
'Twas but a single stroke;
'Tis done! she sees him borne away
To the rapids, ere he woke.

THE SPECTRE OF THE SANDS.

A TRADITION OF S. WALES.

THE moon is full, Rhosilly's sands
Their amber carpet spread,
And sparkle in the light that floods
The "Worm's" majestic "Head."

The ebbing tide's pellucid waves
Make music soft and sweet,
And cast their weeds and whispering shells,
In beauty at my feet.

How fair the scene! all nature sleeps—
All, save the restless sea,
Whose boundless waters are a type
Of vast eternity.

This is the time the Spectre comes,
In shadowy chariot black,
Whose noiseless wheels roll slowly round,
And leave behind no track.

His four sleek horses, white as snow,
Move on with solemn pace;
Like silver shine the wavy manes
Their high-arched necks that grace.

And silvery are their flowing tails,
That sweep but not disturb
The velvet sands; of solid gold
Is each bright bit and curb.

Their gorgeous trappings, set with gems,
Diamonds and rubies bright,
And emeralds and sapphires rare,
Reflect the clear moonlight.

The coachman holds the silken reins,
And in the air he whirls
His opal-handled whip, whose lash
Is twisted strings of pearls.

Old Mansel, in his gloomy coach,
Sits up in ghostly state,
Longing to be released from earth;
But still he's doomed to wait.

A century hath passed away,
And half another too,
Since he came down upon the sands,
An awful scene to view.

Wild blew the gale—the raging sea
Higher and higher rose,
And threatened o'er the mariner
Its foam-capped hills to close.

A Spanish-galleon, off the shore,
Was labouring for life,
And human shrieks were mingled with
The elemental strife.

Louder and louder roared the storm,
More frantic grew the cries,
And now the vessel strikes, no more
Upon the waves to rise.

Her keel is buried in the sand,
The furious breakers sweep
The deck of every gallant hand,
And whirl them in the deep.

Oh! sight of horror! not a soul
Was saved of all the crew;
No upraised arm, no ghastly face,
Rose on old Mansel's view.

He turned, and, shivering, hastened home,
For piercing was the wind;
And now the moon was sinking fast
The horizon's clouds behind.

Next morn he sought the beach again,
And soon his practised eye
Discovered where the galleon's hull
Deep in the sand did lie.

But still the surges on the deck
Had ceased not to encroach,
Forbidding in a solemn voice
The wrecker to approach.

Days, weeks, and months passed on;
at length
A strong spring tide rose high,
And, as it ebbed, thick-gathering clouds
Flew swiftly o'er the sky.

A fierce nor'-wester swept the sands
Exposed the wreck now lay;
And Mansel worked, with all his strength,
On that propitious day.

He broke into the treasure-ship,
And seized on bags of gold,
And precious stones of matchless worth,
Whose numbers were untold.

He fled his native land, and died
Unmourned, far, far away;
But still his spirit haunts the sands
Of wild Rhosilly bay.

——o——

PAST PLEASURES.

How sweet it was to ramble
Where the playful conies fed,
And the hawthorn's pearly blossoms
Their fragrant odour shed.

And how I loved the avenue
Of noble timber trees!
The rich-clad pheasant's favourite roost,
Rocked by the gentle breeze.

The little wren sang sweetly there,
The joyous missel too;
And noiselessly the owl flapped by,
When rose the twilight dew.

What pleasant strolls in early life
About the old demesne
I took with other little ones,
Now nowhere to be seen.

They, with our Angel-mother,
Have passed into the skies,
Where on eternal beauties
They gaze with tearless eyes.

And thou, my sire, art with them,
And nevermore shalt view
The glossy pheasants roosting
In thy shady avenue.

But ties more tender still replaced
The lost ones; and bright hours
With loving children came again,
Where birds sang to the flowers.

Oh, days of song and blossoms—
Oases of the past!
How swiftly did ye glide away—
Too bright, too sweet to last!

The happiness is unalloyed
That fills blest childhood's heart;
But after-years bring anxious cares
That force the tears to start.

——o——

MY PEGASUS.

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE A PARAPHRASE ON MRS. BARBAULD'S "PITY."

PRAY tether not my Pegasus,
But let him freely roam
O'er mountains blue and velvet vales,
And by the white sea-foam.

He loves to graze the sweet wild thyme,
And slake his pleasant thirst
At sparkling streams, on whose green banks
The beauteous spring-buds burst.

He loves the mighty hurricane,
To hear the billows roar,
To mark the eagle cleave the air,
And through the dark cloud soar.

He loves the ocean when 'tis calm,
And from the sandy beach
The moon strikes out a silvery path,
Far as the eye can reach.

He listens to the cataract,
As o'er the table rock
It glides in stately majesty,
And falls with thundering shock.

He flings about his uncombed mane,
And gazes with delight
On the giddy rapids' high-tossed spray,
And madly-writhing flight.

He claps his wings, and soars away
To evening's golden clouds
Ere night in melancholy dark
The sleeping world enshrouds.

He seeks the woods, where sweetest songs
  Lull Æolus to sleep;
The key-note of each strain is love
  And joy the time doth keep.

He lingers till the sun hath set,
  And Luna's placid light
Clears, as she mounts her lofty dome
  With glittering lamps bedight.

He hears with awe the thunder-peal,
  That voice of God on high,
And feels His presence in the flash
  Of His all-piercing eye.

The winding cavern's chambers cold,
  With silent, wave-washed floor,
And echoing walls of fadeless hues,
  He glories to explore.

In all that's wild, and wonderful,
  And sweet, he finds a home;
Then fetter not my Pegasus,
  But let him freely roam.

——o——

TO THE SWAN.

Hoist thy pinion-sails, fair bird,
And ply thy jetty oars;
And glide about, while high above
The warbling skylark soars.

So the little-minded never
High as lark aspire to soar;
While bright genius in its heaven,
Strains of melody doth pour.

——o——

THE BEAR'S CAVE.

GILTAR, SOUTH WALES.

Rocky monster, ever watching
In thy cave of damp and gloom;
Little heedest thou the billows,
As they fall with deafening boom.

Now they climb thy grizzly visage,
Flooding thee with seething foam;
Yet unharmed, unmoved thou standest,
Guarding thy mysterious home.

Say, old bear of sullen aspect,
  Ever since the world's great flood,
In that attitude unshaken,
  Hath thy form gigantic stood?

Caldy hears thy dismal howlings,
  And thy loud and ominous roar,
As, before the gale, the surges
  Speed to whiten all her shore.

Many a tempest hast thou witnessed,
  With its wild and wailing sounds,
Rushing past thee in their passage
  To thy den's remotest bounds.

When the storm-tossed ship is off thee,
  Struggling gallantly for life,
Anxiously the shuddering helmsman
  Eyes thee in the awful strife.

May he reach the road of refuge
  In the peaceful "Sandy Bay";
And, grim bear, in safety anchor,
  Till thy growling dies away.

——o——

The skipper was a gallant tar,
With none of your balderdash;
His eye was dark as a midnight squall,
And bright as the lightning-flash.

One night, as I was keeping watch
Beneath a starlight sky,
In the clear horizon, far away,
A brisk light caught my eye.

Larger it grew as it onward swept,
And we soon descried a craft,
Flying before a smacking breeze,
In flames both fore and aft.

Nearer she came, and our captain hailed
The strange and awful ship;
But no voice was heard to reveal her name,
Fast sealed was every lip.

And such a sight as we beheld
May I ne'er see again!
It was Beelzebub's craft, blazing fore and aft,
That lighted up the main.

And there he stood to the red-hot wheel,
And near him, safely bound
With red-hot chains, was William Lee,
Rolling his eyeballs round.

He raised his hands in mute despair,
When he caught the captain's eye,
As the mystic sail nearly brushed our stern,
In passing us swiftly by.

Away she went, and with her the breeze,
And soon was she out of sight;
But never till death shall I forget
The horror of that dread night.

We entered in our good ship's log
The date and very hour
The flaming ship first hove in sight,
With Lee in her helmsman's power.

And many a gale and storm had we
From that ill-omened time;
And gladly did we breathe at last
Our own long wished-for clime.

When safe in port, we soon were told
The sinner was no more;
He died the night we met him bound
For Charon's dismal shore.

TO THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

SPOTLESS beauty! thou dost blossom
When thy sisters low are sleeping;
Heedless of chill winter's tempests,
Through its snow thy head is peeping.

On thy leaves the hoar frost sparkles,
Yet how fearlessly they spread!
Unscathed, in loveliness thou smilest,
Though unsheltered is thy bed.

Lonely in thy charms thou comest,
Baring to the blast thy breast;
So the true friend clingeth to us,
When departs the worldly guest.

The bride selects the orange bloom,
The *summer* rose, the loop of pearls;
But, peerless flower! these are imperfect,—
Thou shouldst wreathe her glossy curls:

For of constancy thou speakest
In adversity's cold hour;
Fit emblem is thy snowy gem
Of virtue, and affection's power.

I ask not for the hothouse plant,
That lives but in the sultry air;
Give me the dauntless Christmas rose,
With tested bosom, true as fair.

——o——

PRINCE LLEWELLYN'S LAMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF GELERT.

My noble Gelert! could remorse's tear
Recall the life-blood to thy pulseless heart
The turf would now upheave, and give thee forth
In all thy wonted beauty to my sight.
My injured Gelert! why was I so rash?
Why did I draw my vengeance-flashing sword,
Nor wait to learn the truth? But, ah! thy mouth
Was bloody, and the cradle overturned
In which I oft had lulled my babe to sleep.
I dreaded to uplift it; when I did
What sight was there? a mangled wolf stretched dead
Beside my beauteous, slumbering innocent!
Yes, he was slumbering; not the rigid sleep
Of pallid death; but the sweet, parted lips,
And downy, dimpled cheek looked bright as ever
With life's rich tint. Was it for this I pierced
Thy heart? Oh! miserable recompense

For thy fierce combat with the hungry wolf—
Thy victory o'er him, to preserve my child.
Transfixed I stood, o'erpowered alternately
With joy and grief. At length my lovely one
Opened his laughing eyes, but thine were closed
In death's cold, endless slumber. Him I bore
To his fond mother's arms,—thee to thy grave!
Thy sacred body carefully was laid
Beneath the sod, where flowers shall bloom around,
So long as I've a hand to cherish them.
Oh! could I see thee sporting by my side,
Caressed by him for whom thy blood was shed!
But vain the wish, and vain the deep regret.
Yet, will I bring my boy, so soon as he
Can lisp thy name, to strew his offering sweet
Of wild flowers o'er thy peaceful resting-place;
While I rehearse to his attentive ear
My faithful-hearted Gelert's mournful fate.

MORAL.

Ye earthly judges, hasten not to don
The sable cap; for 'tis just possible
The blood-stained hand may yet be innocent.

——o——

THE LADY WITH THE LANTERN.

A TRADITION OF CORNWALL.

Ah! why, with lantern in her hand,
Wanders yon lady on the strand?
Unmindful of the blinding spray,
She keeps her solitary way.

Alas! it is no mortal form
That braves so fearlessly the storm;
A troubled spirit 'tis I see
Walking beside the noisy sea.

When darkness shrouds the evening skies,
And high the Atlantic billows rise,
On lone Godrevy's beach she's seen,
Traced by her lantern's dancing sheen.

Around the rugged rocks she creeps,
And 'neath the slippery seaweed peeps,
Seeking her long-lost little child
That perished in a tempest wild.

Cease, restless spirit, search no more;
Thy child hath reached a happier shore,
Far from the raging wind and sea:
She never can return to thee.

From what strange region comest *thou*,
With ghostly step and death-pale brow?
Say, where is thy mysterious home,
Whence thou art doomed at times to roam?

Vain question! thou wilt ne'er reveal
The secret; closed with sacred seal,
Thy lips are mute to mortal ear,—
No word from them shall mortal hear.

Soon may'st thou find thy child, sad shade,
In street of gold, or flowery glade;
Free through the realms of joy to soar,
Where storms and death are known no more.

——o——

TO MORPHEUS.

MORPHEUS speed on jetty pinions,
From thy father's dark dominions;
Come and close my watchful eyes,
Ere bright Phœbus mounts the skies:
With a drop from Lethe's stream
Banish e'en the busy dream.

I've been led by Fancy back
O'er the loved and beaten track
Of my childhood's careless years,
When joys did more abound than tears.

I've been wandering in the spring
To hear the joyous wild birds sing,
To watch the velvet tadpole play,
And gather posies in my way.
The streamlet's face was dimpled o'er
With smiles that rippled to the shore;
The kingfisher, with mantle blue,
And vest of richest chestnut hue,
Shining in the flood of light,
Came to charm the longing sight;
And the brilliant dragon-fly,
With restless speed, went flashing by.
Flora had been busy, too,
In the sparkling morning dew;
Studding every meadow o'er
Like a bright, mosaic floor.
I crept behind the bush to hide,
And sauntered by the hedge's side,
Where the robin's cushion, braided
With threads minute, superbly shaded,
Spread its tufts beside the hips,
Vermeil as an infant's lips.
The lark had left his lowly bed,
To carol high above my head;
And the tinkling sheep-bell sounded,
And the kine's deep low resounded.
All was harmony and joy,
Elysian sweets, without alloy.

For ever gone are those bright hours,
Yet, sometimes, when my heaven lours,
I long for their return once more,
As longs the sailor for the shore.
But, ah! the dreamy wish is vain,—
The past must still the past remain.
Then, gentle Morpheus, come and shed
Thy soothing poppies o'er my bed;
Lull the future and the present
With the past, both sad and pleasant,
With a drop from Lethe's stream
Banish e'en the busy dream.

——o——

THE LAND'S END.

PRESUMPTUOUS he who dares to set his foot
Upon thy slippery brink, dread precipice!
I shudder at the thought; for fascination
Lurks in the rocks beneath, and seems to beckon
The gazer to leap down.
What stillness reigns!
The ocean, deep below, in beauty sleeps,
Its face unruffled, save at intervals
Prolonged, when o'er it steals a gentle swell,
Whose murmur on the beach is here unheard.
I face the bold Atlantic; on my left

Rises the Logan-rock's sweet fairy land,
With all its mystic mazes; on my right
Cape Cornwall stretches, and the shore beyond,
Where rich Botallack's fearless miners work
Under the sea, a hundred fathoms deep,
And twice that distance horizontally;
The briny water oozing through the roof
Of many an upper adit, cold and dark.
They hear the tempest gathering overhead,
The booming of the billows on the shore;
Yet, on they work, the precious ore pursuing.
And who can tell how far the lodes extend?
Perhaps to Scilly's balmy, happy Isles,
Where Hebe loves to sit and watch the waves,
Surrounded by her centenarians.

Beautiful ocean! I could stand and gaze,
Hour after hour upon thy matchless charms.
The busy ships are plying steadily;
And yonder, far away, the outward bound
Lingers in the horizon, loath to leave,
Perchance for ever, England's rugged coast.
On that dark bed of Island-rocks, how firm
The "Longships" stands, warning the mariner
To keep aloof from death's grim, foaming jaws.
Oh! welcome Light to many a straining eye
That long hath gazed on nought but sea and sky!

Calm art thou now, remote and rock-piled spot;
But when the Atlantic lifts its mighty waves,
And scales thy storm-lashed cliffs, how changed,
how wild!
I sigh not for a palace and its pomps,
They were but galling fetters to my soul:
Give me sweet freedom where the deep sea rolls,
Whose living, ever-blooming flowers are bright
With gems of purest azure, violet, green,
And other hues of opal delicacy;
The work of the Eternal King of kings,
Who holds the foaming surges in his palm.
And let me wander in the fragrant wood;
And on the granite moor, where the old tors,
In solemn grandeur, lift their time-scarred heads,
Deep silence reigning many a league around:
Fit temple for the worship of the God
Who reared its everlasting pillars high.

Land of the West farewell! I never more
May visit thy delicious solitude;
I never more may trace the setting sun's
Rich crimson path across the boundless sea;
But in the volume of my memory
Thy beauties are indelibly impressed.

——o——

THE PIRATE.

LOUD howled the storm, the sea was wild,—
Hid was the moon's soft sheen,
Save when at intervals she peeped
Her curtains dark between.

A little bark, with daring crew,
Rode on the heaving tide;
The sea-god's horses tossed their manes,
And plunged against her side.

The rocking vessel long had braved
The gale, but now it grew
So awful that each cheek was blanched
Of her adventurous crew.

"Behold the Pirate at yon helm!"
Cried Neptune in his ire;
"Speed on my boldest foaming steed,
"Perform thy mission dire.

"Leap on the deck, and dash away
"That murderer so fierce;
"Spare not, although despair's shrill cry
"Through the wild tempest pierce."

Onward the mighty courser moved,
The hurricane behind;
Furious he sped, his snowy crest
Dishevelled by the wind.

He reached the ship—a moment's pause—
Just then the moon appeared,
Revealing to the starting eye
The doom the heart most feared.

The dreaded monster made a spring,
And in his sweep he took
The Captain, who to heaven cast up
One supplicating look.

But he had been the merciless—
E'en woman's frantic prayer
Had never touched the Pirate's heart—
Compassion dwelt not there.

Deep in the yawning gulf he sank,
To rise again no more:
The clouds dispersed, the wind was lull'd,
And all the storm was o'er.

——o——

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

WHAT are ye, mystic lights, that dance so high,
The cause of your appearance far beyond
The search of curious man? Omen of wars
To us; but where the icebound ship's at rest
On the white, pulseless breast of arctic seas,—
Where the huge muffled-footed bear doth roam,
Startling the frigid silence, as he snuffs
His far-off prey,—you cheer the explorer's sight.
Who shall describe your beauties, as you stream
Through the clear firmament? or upward shoot,
Like the reflection of a world on fire
Beneath our own? Now armëd warriors mount
Their steeds, and meet in conflict; flaming swords,
Like that placed at the gate of Paradise,
To guard the tree of life, fly from their sheaths,
And crimson blood, as from the wounded, flows.
Anon the battle's o'er; and lo, a tent
Blazing with rubies, amethysts, and gold,
Displays its rich, but evanescent charms;
Followed by numberless fantastic shapes,

Whose ever-changing dyes the sparkling snow
Reflects, as they illume the face of heaven;
Chasing the tedious gloom of night away.
So to the poet doth sweet Fancy bring
Her coruscations, making darkness light.

——o——

ST. GERENNIUS, KING OF CORNWALL.

A TRADITION.

KING GERENNIUS he fell sick,
And now he was near his death;
St. Teliau gave him the bread and wine,
And the sick man gave up his breath.

The royal corpse was rowed with pomp
Across fair Gerrans bay;
On the thwarts of a golden boat so bright,
In a coffin rich, it lay.

And slowly dipped the silver oars,
As the solemn dirge rose high,
And the placid waters a mirror held
To the cloudless azure sky.

In Veryan St. Gerennius rests,
Beneath a ponderous tumulus:
Soundly he'll sleep till that awful day
When the trump to life shall wake us.

The golden boat and the silver oars
Lie side by side with their king;
And the beacon above that is seen from afar
Its light o'er the grave doth fling.

—o—

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

"WHY dost thou weep, my lovely child?
"Say why art thou so sad?
"Thine eye was wont with joy to beam,
"Thy song was ever glad.

"Is there some secret thou wouldst fain
"Unto thy sire impart,
"But that thou fear'st 'twould snap the chords
"Of his adoring heart?

"Tell me, my Marie, dost thou love
"The Prince proposed to thee?
"Or is thy youthful heart the prize
"Of one unknown to me?"

" Father, forgive these gushing tears!
" There's one I love full well;
" But neither King nor Prince is he—
" His name I dare not tell."

The Emperor's cheek grew deadly pale,
He stamped his foot and frowned.
" How may I know the knave?" he cried,
" And where may he be found?"

" At the review, to-morrow, Sire,
" The warrior may be seen;
" You'll know him by his coal-black steed,
" And waving plume of green."

The maiden shuddered as she fell
Upon her trembling knees,
And kissed her Father's hand, and sought
His anger to appease.

" Spare him, oh! spare him, Father dear!
" I'll think of him no more;
" My eye shall soon be bright again—
" I'll sing as heretofore."

" Retire, my child, and pray to God
" For pity on that man:
" Hate is the fittest word for me—
" Forgive I never can."

Next day the Emperor recognised
The lover's plume and steed:
"That Colonel is a man," thought he
"Worthy her love indeed!"

Weeks passed; at length the soldier got
A message to appear
Alone before the Potentate:
His doom he soon shall hear.

"I should have shunned the thunderbolt
"At the first flash of his eye!
"Sweet Marie, to secure thy peace
"How joyfully I'd die!

"But, ah! 'twill rend thy tender heart
"To know my hapless fate!
"For vainly may I hope to soothe
"Thy haughty Father's hate."

Nicholas in his palace sits,
His eager eye's dilating;
Before him stands the summoned one,
The thunderbolt awaiting.

"Colonel, a finer man than thou
"My kingdom cannot boast;
"And wise and good art thou withal,
"And brave to face a host.

"What think'st thou of the fair Princess,
"My soul's delight and pride?
"Say, ought she not to sit enthroned
"Some mighty Monarch's bride?"

"Sire, thou would'st crush me did I dare
"My thoughts of her unveil;
"My heart would burst with joy, might I
"Reveal its tender tale."

"'Tis well; I see thou lovest her—
"Her gentle heart is thine:
"Take now her hand, and long in bliss
"Together may you shine."

The enraptured lover knelt and bathed
His Sovereign's hand with tears.
"O, words of joy!" he cried, "new life
"My throbbing bosom cheers."

Riches and titles soon were his,
But little prized he them;
Marie was dearer far to him
Than power or diadem.

——o——

MADGY, THE WRECKER.

A TRADITION OF CORNWALL.

OLD Madgy mounted the rocky seat
On wild Tol-Peden-Penwith's height;
Fierce blew the gale, the breakers roared,
And pitchy darkness veiled the night.

But now and then the lightning-flash
Revealed the horrors of the deep;
While thunder's awful voice rolled round,
In peals that broke the dreamer's sleep.

What labouring bark is that so madly
Hastening shoreward to her fate?
She comes from sunny Portugal,
An Argosy with priceless freight.

See! upon the rocks she's striking,
Shrouded in the boiling foam.
Alas! the precious souls on board her
Will nevermore be welcomed home.

Soon all have perished; on the sands
Rich gems and gold are thickly cast;
And Madgy from the cliff descends,
All heedless of the howling blast.

Quick she gathers up the riches,
And fills her ever-ready bag,
Although the loudly breaking billows
Threaten to destroy the hag.

That night upon the trembling beach
Was thrown a lovely youthful form,
Pale as the hissing sea-froth tossed
High on the pinions of the storm.

The maiden's neck and arms were decked
With chains of gold and jewels rare,
And pearls of matchless beauty bound
The masses of her raven hair.

Stript of her treasure, she was borne
To a lone dell and buried deep;
But when the night wind loudly wailed,
It stirred the lady's mystic sleep.

And from her grave a light unearthly
Rose, and sought the craggy chair;
Awhile it shone across the sea,
As if in search of something there.

It blanched the hardy fisher's cheek,
And scared the sea-gull on the rock;
It lured the mariner to death,
Glimmering but his skill to mock.

Then on the wrecker's treasure-chest,
In her lone hut it would appear,
And there maintain its silent watch,
Until the midnight hour rang clear.

At sound of that it stole away,
And to the lowly grave repaired,
And sank beneath the flowery sod,
By pitying strangers' hands prepared.

At length a tawny Moor appeared,
And claimed the jewels in the chest;
The guilty one dared not resist
The haughty Afric's stern request.

She gave up all the glowing chains,
And richly sparkling gems so rare;
And, tangled with the pearls, a lock
Of the wrecked lady's raven hair.

The supernatural light burned clear,
And led the stranger to the dell,
Where, on his lost one's grave, thick bloomed
The blushing heath and foxglove bell.

Their beauty quivered 'neath his tears,
And glistened in the moon's soft light,
As fell his melancholy plaint
On the attentive ear of night.

At dawn he disappeared for ever;
The ghostly light was seen no more,
To scare the fisherman and gull,
Or wreck the sailor on the shore.

——o——

TO A BED OF VIOLETS.

SWEET violets! ye bring back the time
When all my young heart sought
Was freedom in the open air,
With mingled perfumes fraught.

When, with the loving and beloved,
I wandered to the nook,
Where we would while whole hours away
Beside the gurgling brook.

Oh, what enchanting waking dreams
Enrapt me as I lay
In that loved Eden of my soul,
By time now swept away!

If e'er my breast with sadness heaved,
  Foreboding ill in store,
What was it but a swift-winged cloud
  My clear heaven shading o'er?

Soon would it pass, and then I'd turn
  To nature's charms again,
And list with joy the cuckoo's note
  Or woodlark's cheerful strain.

The crystal stream, too, poured its chant,
  And on its margin grew
The meadow-sweet, in clusters thick,
  And violets white and blue.

Delicious flowers! the charm is gone
  Your welcome presence brought,
When eagerly in life's bright spring
  Your modest bloom I sought.

The dew still glistens in your eye,
  But now it doth appear
To mine, by changeful time made dim,
  Nought but a kindred tear.

Yet dear remembrancers ye are
  Of days for ever fled,
Of other flowers, more lovely still,
  Now mingled with the dead.

Bloom on; and scent the blushing morn,
And evening's dewy breath,
And gladden childhood's beaming eye,
When mine is closed in death.

—o—

ELENA.

THE crusade's o'er, Gherado's ships
With booty rich are laden;
His heart beats high for his betrothed,
The fair Venetian maiden.

Propitious winds swell every sail—
He hails his native land;
He's welcomed by the multitude
Assembled on the strand.

Brother, sister, friend, he greets,
But one he sees not there;
"Oh! tell me," eagerly he asks,
"Where is Elena fair?"

A mournful silence seals each lip—
He rushes through the crowd,
And bodings of the fatal truth
His noble brow o'ercloud.

Too soon he learns that Death's cold hand
Hath closed his loved one's eyes:
"Yet will I see her once again,"
Distractedly he cries.

At midnight's still and solemn hour
He sought the sacred pile;
And shuddered as his footsteps waked
Deep echoes in the aisle.

A few faint, glimmering lamps still burned,
And, brighter than their flame,
The moonbeams lighted up the tomb
That bore Elena's name.

Gherardo, awe-struck, paused awhile:
"And ought he to intrude
"Upon her deep and tranquil sleep
"In that dark solitude?"

At length with trembling hand he turned
The iron handle chill,
And raised the lid, while through his frame
Sensations strange did thrill.

He knelt beside her clay-cold form,
And lifted from her face
The veil that half concealed from him
Each feature's placid grace.

Her tresses o'er her shoulders fell,
And mingled on her breast,
As rich and bright as when he last
Her living form caressed.

"She sleeps," he whispered, as he pressed
Warm kisses on her cheek,
While faintly smiled her parted lips,
As if about to speak.

Arrayed in snowy robes she lay,
In sooth as if but sleeping:
"In mercy, wake," the warrior cried,
As he bent o'er her weeping.

How bitter were the tears he shed!
With anguish did he writhe;
But as he pressed her cheek once more,
He thought he felt her *breathe*.

He placed his hand upon her heart—
A feeble pulse was there;
O! what wild transports now succeed
Gherardo's dark despair.

He gently lifts her in his arms,
From out the cheerless tomb;
And wraps her in his cloak, and hastes
To quit the church's gloom.

Beside the door another stands,
Impatient for the key;
The bribed one, counting o'er his gold,
With all a miser's glee.

He starts to see the dead revive
And raise her wondering eyes;
And anxiously he reckons on
Another chinking prize.

They bear her to her wonted home,
And tenderly she's watched
By him who from untimely death
His destined bride hath snatched.

Her cheek resumes its glowing hue,
Her eye its joyous brightness,
Her voice its clear and happy tone,
Her step its strength and lightness.

Gherardo to the altar leads
The maid he's loved so long:
A festival is held that day,
With masquerade and song.

And fervent in those two true hearts
Is gratitude's sweet strain,
As Venice echoes to the shout
"Elena lives again!"

THE MOURNER TO HIS HARPER.

THAT song of plaintive beauty cease,
For oh! my languid heart's oppress!
Those once loved strains now fail to please;
Then hush the gentle notes to rest.

In silence droops the broken string;
Say, minstrel, can thy skill restore
The soft enchantment it could fling
O'er every listener before?

So let some fatal blast sweep o'er
The heart, its fine-strung chords to break;
Its gushing harmony no more
Can human sympathy awake.

Its music is for ever fled;
The trickling tear, the wasting sigh,
Succeed, to blanch the drooping head,
To sear the heart and dim the eye.

Then cease that sweet and touching strain—
I cannot bear to hear it now;
It calls up thoughts, with all their train
Of joys gone by, to cloud my brow.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

PRECIOUS tear-drop! lovelier far
Than orient gem, or evening star;
Or morning dew, or sunset bright;
Or Luna's tranquil, cloudless light,
Silvering the boundless ocean
When its waves are scarce in motion:
Soothing as the warbling stream
That inspires the Poet's dream;
Or the wind-harp's gentle notes;
Or song of bird, which sweetly floats
On the delicious breeze of Spring,
When love and joy are on the wing.
Unblest, sweet tear of sympathy,
Would be life's journey but for thee!
And not a single drop is lost,
But, treasured as of priceless cost,
Each shall, an immortal gem,
Enrich the heavenly diadem,
Formed by Angels' hands to shine,
With pure effulgence, all divine,
Upon the brow of such as here
Shed that sympathising tear.

THE GHOST.

A TRUE TALE.

THE faggot crackled on the hearth,
And cast a cheerful light
On those assembled to enjoy
Its warmth, one winter's night.

The wind roared in the chimney large,
The ancient casement chattered,
As, ever and anon, the rain
Against it loudly pattered.

Dark clouds flew swiftly past the moon;
Huge phantom ships they seemed,
As on their broad sails, transiently,
Her pallid lustre gleamed.

But what recked they, the social ones,
The ample fire beside?
The ale foamed high, the pipe was whiffed,
Dull care was cast aside.

Strange tales were told, and one stout youth
Of courage rare did boast:
"I'd face," quoth he, "alone, at night,
"The most appalling ghost."

"Then rise," the worthy host exclaimed,
"And take this knife with thee,
"And stick it in the new-made grave,
"Beneath the churchyard tree."

Richard arose, and buttoned on
His long and warm great coat,
And briskly to the churchyard walked,
His courage all afloat.

He reached the grave beneath the tree,
And, stooping, thrust his knife
Into the clammy earth, heaped o'er
A form once warm with life.

But as he rose to turn away,
A something pulled him back:
He strove to run, but still the ghost
Refused its hold to slack.

Fear paralysed poor Richard's heart—
No friend was nigh to save;
Horror o'erpowered him, and he sank
Upon the haunted grave.

"My friends, 'tis long since Richard left,"
Remarked the anxious host;
"He may at last have met his match
"In some revengeful ghost."

Away they went in search of him,
But, ah! what sight saw they?
Pale in the moonlight was he stretched,
Cold as the churchyard clay.

The knife had pierced his long, thick coat,
And fixed him to the ground;
And there, in Death's embrace, his friends
Their loved companion found.

—o—

ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE, NORTH CORNWALL.

Loud roaring cataract that leapest wildly
Into thy rocky basin, and again
Down to the swiftly rushing stream below—
How beautiful thou art amid thy walls,
Hung with rich mosses and bright ferns that nod
And tremble in thy breath! Thy echoes strange
Sound like soft voices mingling joyously,
As if in admiration of thine own,
So eloquent of thy Creator's power.

Tradition tells that Fairies once were wont
To issue from the wood and banquet here,
And talk, and dance, and sing melodiously,
When the full moon shone on the falls, and turned
The spray that filled the air to sparks of silver.
And even now they sometimes come, 'tis said,
And pass the hours as in the days of old.
An aged woman here relates that oft
She's seen the little creatures hide beneath
The hart's-tongue's glossy fronds, and nimbly climb
The high osmunda, in their merry sport;
While to her listening ear came dulcet strains.
Thou sweet, sequestered spot of wondrous charms!
May I revisit thee some other day,
And walk the glen when summer's sun hath dried
The path now flooded by the autumn's rains.

—o—

THE SILVER TABLE UNDER THE SEA.

A TRADITION OF CORNWALL.

Lord Pengerswick sat in his beautiful boat,
With his jovial friends sat he,
Round a table of silver, solid and pure,
Whose reflection flashed on the sea.

Bright shone the waters, pellucid and calm—
  Not a ripple disturbed the tide,
As it lazily, silently flowed to the shore
  In whisperings there to subside.

Louder and louder the revellers sang,
  And deeper and deeper they drank,
When, suddenly, over the fragile bark heeled,
  And down to the bottom all sank.

None rose to the surface to cry out for help,
  And their bodies were ne'er washed ashore,
But outward they drifted away with the ebb;
  And none seemed their loss to deplore.

But when the spring tides leave their sandy bed bare,
  The natives flock down to the beach,
To search for the table of silver so pure;
  But it lies far away from their reach:

For the fishermen say, when the water is clear,
  They can see it full ten fathoms deep,
And they hear sounds of revelry under the waves,
  Where the crew their carousals still keep.

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF F.M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

How solemn is this place! Here lies the hero
Who conquered many a foe; conquered at last
By an invisible hand—the hand of Death.
Sleep on, old warrior, till the Archangel sounds
The summons that shall burst thy ponderous tomb,
And bid thee rise—not to go forth to fight,
But, let us hope, to join the multitudes,
No man can number, in that happy land
Where bloodshed is no more, but all is peace.
The sable horses harnessed to the car
That bore thee here, have an appalling aspect,
Like spectres, in the silent semi-darkness.
Why is it? they have no more life than he
Who never more shall mount his noble charger.
And yet their eyes beam with a wild expression,
As though they gazed upon the battle-field,
With all the ghastly, bleeding slain spread o'er it.
All that is mortal of the valiant Soldier,
Who tears of pity shed at Waterloo,
Shall here return to dust;—his spirit lives for ever.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

THE sumptuous feast was spread,
The golden goblets shone;
The king, with glittering head,
Sat on his gorgeous throne.

The purple wine flowed fast,
And many an impious song,
Over the rich repast,
The heathens did prolong.

When lo! a hand there came
And wrote upon the wall,
Lit by the lamp's bright flame,
The guilty monarch's fall.

The sacred vessel, raised
To meet his lips, dropped down,
And all he erst had praised
Now met his darkest frown.

For that unearthly hand
His soul with terror filled;
Gone was his self-command,—
His fiery blood was chilled.

He started to his feet,
And bade the feast be o'er;
Vacant was every seat;
The minstrels charmed no more.

In strange suspense the lords
Surveyed their trembling king,
Awed by the mystic words
Such fear o'er all that fling.

But none could understand
That proud Belshazzar's fall
Was, by the spirit hand,
Foretold upon the wall.

The wise men were brought in
The vision to explain;
But the reveller in sin
Found all their wisdom vain.

Low at his feet they bow,
Quailing with sore affright,
As darker grew his brow,
His quivering lips more white.

The ruler's golden chain
And dazzling scarlet dress
Are offered, but in vain;
None can the secret guess.

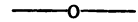
The astrologers are mute,—
The soothsayer's fame is o'er;
The writing doth confute
The Chaldean's deepest lore.

At length young Daniel came,
Inspired to prophesy;
Nor fear nor guilty shame
Disturbed his quiet eye.

"Oh! mighty king!" he cried
"Thy Maker hath decreed
"The Persian shall divide
"Thy kingdom with the Mede.

"Though regally arrayed,
"Alas! how light thou art
"When in the balance weighed!
"Thy glory shall depart."

That night a doleful cry
Pierced through the palace walls:
The king is doomed to die,—
Slain by the Mede he falls.



TO THE ROBIN.

SWEET bird! at earliest peep of day thy throat
Is swelling with its gentle melody.
In August's month of glory, when the lark
Is mute, thy clear and ever-welcome notes
Are heard; and in November's dreariness
Thou warblest, unaccompanied, thy song.
O, how I love to hear it! for it cheers
The heart with hope; 'tis like the rainbow's hues
The dark cloud brightening. When winter comes,
I still shall see thee, hopping on the snow,
Thy jetty eye uplifting for a crumb.
Ye piercing blasts, spare the confiding one;
So will he fill the brake with lays of love,
When spring returns to warm his breast with joy.
Undaunted bird; long ere the cuckoo's note
Is heard, thy early nest of withered leaves,
And moss, and wool, all softly lined with hair,
Is built so curiously, the practised eye
Alone can search it out; unfortunate
The hand that dare disturb its privacy.
Beautiful redbreast! sacredly embalmed
In childhood's memory,—loving and beloved,—
I ask no sweeter, truer friend than thou.

TO A FAVOURITE PEACOCK.

GORGEOUS beauty! stay awhile;
Let the setting sun's last smile
Linger on the emerald vest
That adorns thy peaceful breast.
Say, can aught surpass that hue?
Or thy graceful neck's deep blue?
Or the blended gold and green,
Magnificent, thy wings between?
Or the brilliant, changing dyes
Of thy train's rich, gem-like eyes,
With their long and silky fringes,
Shot with bronze and roseate tinges?
Could the proud Egyptian queen
Boast a garment of such sheen,
When her prow-gilt galley bore
Her along the Cydnus shore?
Were the jewels on her breast
Brighter than thy glossy crest?
Or the pearls that decked her hair
Than thy feathered cheek more fair?
Lustrous though her eye of jet,
Making Antony forget
His Octavia, when their rays
Enraptured his impassioned gaze;

Yet give me the placid shine
Of those guiltless beams of thine.
Lovely bird! almost might man
Envy thee thy life's calm span;
For no care corrodes thy brain,—
Fortune's frowns give thee no pain;
Happy art thou! and when Death,
Ruthless monarch, takes thy breath,
Oblivion her watch shall keep
O'er thine everlasting sleep.
But for us there is a goal
Which no disembodied soul
E'er returned from to unfold
Secrets we would fain be told.
Mortal eye hath never seen
Through the veil that's drawn between
Time and long eternity—
That fathomless and shoreless sea;
Yet for something Hope will sigh,
As she lifts her patient eye—
Some reward for virtue's strife
With the storms of this short life.
Oh! ye grovelling sons of dust,
Who in *riches* put your trust,
Soon must Death, in dark array,
Steal your coffer keys away:
Think not that your gold shall save,
Mammon cannot bribe the grave.

Now farewell, majestic bird,
Thou my heartfelt praise hast heard;
Go and mount the branches spread
For thine independent bed.
With the sweets of freedom blest,
Calm will be thy dewy rest,
Till thou openest thy dark eye
To the blushing morning sky.
Then upon the lawn again
To the sunshine spread thy train,
And from little hands receive
The bread and fruit they freely give.

——o——

THE OCEAN.

BURY me not in the dismal churchyard,
But let my last slumber be
'Neath the high-flying foam of the wild-rushing waves—
The waves of the beautiful sea.

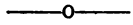
Deep in the clear azure waters I'd sink,
The hurricane over me sweeping;
Unconscious of that and life's tempests the while,
On my sandy bed tranquilly sleeping.

Old ocean, how oft hast thou tossed me about
On thy sparkling and high-heaving breast!
Now letting me suddenly drop in thy lap,
Now mount on thy silver-haired crest.

How glorious to ride on thy spray-dashing tide,
When each wave seems a swift-moving alp,
As in grandeur it touches the cloud-darkened skies
With its proudly reared, snow-mounted scalp.

How sweet, too, to glide o'er thy calm moonlight face,
When the zephyrs of summer are sleeping,
And the bright-burning stars, thickly studding the sky,
In their mirror unruffled are peeping.

Briny deep, thy wild tumult how dearly I love!
And rife is thy calm with soft charms:
When Death lays his thin, icy hand on my heart,
May he bear me to thy circling arms.



THE SHOWER OF BLOOD.

A LEGEND OF CORNWALL.

In sixteen hundred and sixty-four
An awful shower from heaven did pour;
St. Dennis wept the crimson flood
Which stained each rock and stone with blood
That, thickly strewn, may still be found
The patron saint's old church around.

Alas! what dismal groans arise,
With prayers mingled, to the skies!
The plague doth wide through London spread;
Death hovers o'er the loathsome bed,
Glazing the eye of young and old,
Till many a victim he hath told.
And now he dips his wings in fire,
And flaps them over thatch and spire.
From street to street the bright flames spread
And meet in one vast blazing bed;
Choking the shrieks that rend the air,
The cry of terror and despair.
Oh! dreadful was that year of doom,
When many a cheek in beauty's bloom,
And many a wrinkled brow did Death
Sear with his pestilential breath;
And ominous was that sanguine shower
Which on St. Dennis' rocks did pour.

ON WITNESSING A GALE AT PORTHLEVEN, COAST OF CORNWALL.

LEAP high, ye billows! clap your snowy hands,
And shout the awful might of your Creator!
Oh! how you break and boil in wild confusion!
Making the air alive with balls of foam,
Carried, with lightning speed, hither and thither,
While clouds of mist ascend the iron cliffs.
Yon mountain death-wave lifts its curling head
Above its fellows and o'ertakes them all:
And now it gathers up its heavy volume,
And falls in hollow thunder on the beach.
The yellow sand, torn from its quivering bed,
Is tossed in air, and scattered far and wide
On the swift-rushing pinions of the blast.
Wave calls to wave, and one incessant roar,
Deafening, drowns the feeble voice of man.
Oh! mighty ocean! in thy frantic wrath
Lifting the groaning ships to meet the clouds,
And hurling them again into thy depths—
What can withstand thy proud o'erwhelming strength?
God help the mariner on such a sea,
And guide the Pilot's hand to steer aright,
Far from the horrors of this fatal strand,

Over whose rocks the maddened surges sweep,
Whose treacherous sands no swimmer ever climbed;
So may his gallant bark outlive the gale.

——o——

CONTENTMENT.

WHY covet crown or coronet,
With sparkling jewels richly set?
The brow but aches beneath their weight,
And thorny is the path of state:
Flowers may thickly bloom around,
But with nightshade they are wound;
The goblet's burnished gold may shine,
Bubbling o'er with luscious wine;
But oft 'tis drained to quench the sigh—
To give false lustre to the eye.
Pray rather for contentment sweet,
And God will give thee what is meet.
Mark the little lily pale,
Blooming in the shady vale;
It toils not, neither doth it spin,
Yet, in its season, cometh in;
And what in beauty can excel
Its pendent alabaster bell?

E'en Solomon did not display,
In all his glory, such array.
Not a sparrow falls unknown
To Him who sits on Heaven's high throne;
How much more will He think of thee,
Drooping child of misery!
"Yes," a mighty voice replies,
"Wipe the tear-drop from thine eyes;
"What is now a mystery
"Hereafter I'll reveal to thee:
"Then bow before the chastening rod—
"Be still, and know that I am God."

—o—

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT, thou light, eternal thing!
On thy rapid, wide-spread wing,
Dipped in many a varied dye,
Hither, thither, do I fly.

Now I'm wafted, willingly,
To my childhood's favourite tree,
In whose shade I oft reclined,
To list the bough-disturbing wind;
There, beneath the leafy screen,
Would I plait my rushes green,

Then toss them suddenly away,
For meadow-rambling holiday.
O the bright delicious hours
When I searched for wild spring flowers!
The purple orchis' rich costume
Contrasting with the cowslip-bloom;
The cuckoo-bell, the violet sweet,
In its shady, coy retreat;
The ragged robin's rosy hue,
Beside the hyacinth's deep blue;
The primrose delicate, amid
The bank's entanglements half hid;
The bright red pimpernel, whose eye
Would close when gloom came o'er the sky;
The streamlet's brilliant, golden cup
Its tempting beauty holding up:—
All these imparted sweeter joy
To my young heart than gayest toy.
Shoe and sock I'd hurry off,
And tiresome cape and bonnet doff,
Through the rippling brook to wade
For gems that with the wavelet played.
But hush! what music loud and clear,
Bursts upon my ravished ear?
'Tis thine enchanting Philomel;
Thou'rt come again thy tale to tell.
With finger raised to still the dash
Of the babbling water-splash,

Whose current was with trees o'erhung,
I stood and listened while she sung.
Now the swell of gushing notes
O'er the water clearly floats;
Anon the liquid trill,—the plaint,
In voice so delicately faint,
So tender that, soft pity's tear
Suffused my eye, such woe to hear;
Quicker my heart's warm pulses beat,
Moved by strains so sad, so sweet.
Long she warbled—long I stood
In abstracted, pensive mood;
Till a well-known voice was heard,
Startling child and timid bird.
My gentle nurse, it was thine own!
Many a year since then hath flown;
Yet how oft, in fancy's ear,
Those loved accents do I hear.
Oft I'm at our favourite haunt,
Listening to the birds' wild chant,
Or laying wild flowers at thy feet—
Deeming thee more bright, more sweet,
As, some shady tree beneath,
Thou twin'st the beauteous, clustering
wreath;
Lingering till the thickening dews
Of twilight bathe their blending hues,
And the whispering breezes come
To tell us we must hasten home.

Mournful thought! where art thou now?
With the pallid, death-changed brow:
Alas! how many a flower hath faded
Since I through the streamlet waded!
Bright-haired children—nurse, grown grey—
From the earth have passed away:
One alone is left to tell
Of that spot we loved so well.

Busy thought! thou'rt wandering now
To the hillock's scented brow,
Rising on the common wild,
Where I roamed, a thoughtful child.
There the gorgeous butterfly
On the summer breeze swept by,
Hastening to the wild thyme blue,
And heather-bells of ruddy hue.
Thither, too, the honey-bee
Came, with soothing minstrelsy,
Sipping from the luscious flowers
Nectar for the winter hours:
While, in golden bower, the chat,
The sunny noon enjoying, sat;
And the gladsome lark soared high,
Warbling to the dazzling sky.
But ah! Time's scythe hath mown away
Each lowly flower and furze-bush gay!

The fragrant thyme no longer creeps,
Nor bird's-foot through the bramble peeps;
The nodding harebell's life is o'er;
The violet scents the air no more.
Sad *Z*ephyrus o'er the flowers entombed
Sighs that his breath is unperfumed,—
That not a footstep can be traced
Of Flora's presence in the waste:
Alas! a waste no more, for now
Cold Mammon guides the ruthless plough,
And rules where once the goddess smiled,
The worshipped of the artless child.

Changeful thought! I'm standing now
On the cliff's storm-beaten brow,
Listening to the solemn roar
Of ocean, breaking on the shore.
Wildly leap the foaming waves,
As they seek the echoing caves
Where the seal her cubs doth hide,
Fearless of the flowing tide;
And mermaids, in their sport repair,
To smooth and braid their dripping hair.
High the hissing spray is flying,—
Loud and clear the curlew's crying;
Answered from the lofty rocks
By countless gulls, in mingling flocks.
From crag to crag they screaming fly,
As darker grows the louring sky,

And from their milk-white manes the steeds
Of Neptune fling the tangled weeds,
With many a living flower and shell,
And rosy star from reef and dell;
While the cormorant is gloating
On the banquet landward floating.

Glorious thought! I'm in yon bark,
Plunging down the deep chasm dark,—
On the snowy ridge high tossed,
In its scattered cloud half lost.
Loudly groans the straining mast,
As the spirit of the blast
Through the rigging howls and shrieks,
And in a hundred voices speaks.
See! the tidal billow's crest
Curls, as heaves its mighty breast!
Ye gallant men, the sails quick reef,
Or our moments may be brief;
For the dark lee-shore 'twill lave,—
If thither borne, what skill can save?
Hark! it comes with rushing sound,
As battle chargers sweep the ground!
Now the reeling ship it takes,
And, hurrying on, in thunder breaks
Upon the strand; with fury lashing
The rocks o'er which its foam is dashing.
Woe to mortal on the beach!
For swift's the foot it cannot reach.

Now I'm on Sahara's plains,
Ne'er moistened with refreshing rains;
No green relieves the aching eye,
Beneath an ever-glaring sky;
No murmuring rill, no warbling bird,
To cheer the solitude, is heard;
No morn-impearling dews descend;
The tongue is parched, the veins distend:
And ah! the shifting sands arise,
In lurid pillars to the skies!
Gloomily they stalk along,
Like a ghostly, giant throng;
And now they spread their wings and fly,
To choke the breath and fill the eye;
And man and camel prostrate fall
Before the desert-darkening pall.
God of mercy, thou canst see
And pity mortal misery;
Bid the stifling storm depart,
And cheer th' appalled and sinking heart;
The weary, thirsty wanderers bring
To taste the precious, longed-for spring;
So shall they thy goodness bless
In the howling wilderness.

Now I'm where the cascade leaps
From rock to rock, o'er slippery steeps;
In the tranquil moonlight glistening,
While delighted nature's listening.

Oh! how lovely is the scene!
Methinks I see the Fairy queen
Waving o'er the enchanted land
Her magic, silver-tipping wand.
The glossy leaves its touch have felt;
The birch now wears a silver belt,
And sheds bright tears upon the sod,
By foot of mortal never trod;
The lichen drinks the silvery spray;
The torrent, in its ceaseless play,
And headlong, foaming, swift career,
Molten silver doth appear.
Through the deep ravine below,
The gurgling current on doth flow,
Beautiful, and bright, and free,
Chanting its sweet melody.

What awful wonders now appear!
What sounds come rushing on my ear!
The fierce volcano's flames shoot high,
Lighting up the darkened sky;
The boiling lava's flowing down
To overwhelm the awe-struck town;
The heaving mountain shrieks and groans,
Emitting showers of red-hot stones,
And volumes of sulphureous breath,
Black and sultry, fraught with death.
Lightnings flash—loud thunder peals—
The earth, in deep convulsions, reels;

The tortured sea flings up its waves,
And inland far the greensward laves;
While mighty ships come rocking in
Where ne'er before a keel hath been;
Then back the affrighted billows fly,
And leave their burden high and dry.
Oh! dreadful day, turned into night!
The sun put out—no gleam of light,
Save when on the weakened gaze
Bursts the angry crater's blaze.
Despair sends up a piercing cry—
Pale mortals strive in vain to fly
Through the thick, terrific gloom,
Symbol of the day of doom,
When the sun a veil shall wear
Black as sackcloth wove with hair;
And the moon's bright, silvery flood
Shall redden as with sickening blood.

Now I'm on Mount Calvary,
With suppliant heart and bended knee:
Here the Saviour bowed His head,
When for guilty man He bled.
Long upon the fatal tree
He hung, in outstretched agony;
Big drops of anguish trickling down
From underneath the thorny crown.
The fainting sun withdrew its light—
For three long hours 'twas dark as night,

As He drained the bitter cup,
And His spirit yielded up.
When the spotless Lamb was slain,
The temple's veil was rent in twain;
An earthquake rocked the shuddering ground,
And awful sights were seen around:
The graves were opened, and the dead
Arose, and left their silent bed;
Appearing in their mortal form,
With traces of the clay and worm.
The guilty trembled, and some cried,
" Truly we have crucified
" The meek and blameless Son of God!
" For us He kissed his Father's rod!"

Now bold thought, thou cleav'st the sky,
Worlds unnumbered passing by;
Higher and still higher soaring,
The endless realms of space exploring:
And now on my enchanted sight
Breaks Heaven's wall of dazzling light,
Compared with whose refulgent gems
Dim are earthly diadems.
Open stand the pearly gates,
And at each an Angel waits.
Let me enter and survey
The city of eternal day!
But no,—the joys within those portals
Cannot be *conceived* by mortals:

Our noblest thoughts are lost in thee,
Mysterious Eternity!
Where's the sage can comprehend
No beginning and no end?
Yet, sweet hope, behold the bow,
As in the cloud its beauties glow;
Though to earth the shower is streaming,
Through the drops its hues are beaming;
Telling of that cloudless home
Where sighs and sorrows never come.
Oh! when the trump's loud blast shall sound,
And from the sea and heaving ground
Our sacred dust to life shall start,
No more with spirit-life to part;
Who shall be able then to stand?
For whom is that sweet, promised land?
Great King of kings, who hear'st the prayer
In closet breathed or open air;
Whose fane is this thy fair creation,
Open to every tongue and nation;—
Save us, in that awful hour,
From the second death's dread power!

THE FUNNEL ROCK,

COAST OF CORNWALL.

Oh! awful gulf! how many fathoms down
The eye must pierce to reach the rugged arch
That lets the madly foaming billows in
To break against thy walls of adamant,
Streaming with briny tears, wept by the surge.

Bold guide, that dar'st down yon tremendous cliff
To disappear, and over countless rocks,
Craggy and pinnacled, to lead the way;
Oft smiling at the shuddering stranger's fears,
As, pausing with uncertain, tottering step,
He calls to thee to halt, then rests his hand
On thy unflinching shoulder and feels safe.
Some, less adventurous, hasten to return
Ere half way down—ere the ascending spray
Can cool the brow, trickling with drops of terror.

Most wonderful and solitary spot!
Who carved the rocky coronet that sits
So firmly on the cliff's majestic brow?
Who but wild Nature, or her mighty God?

Beneath its shade I'll sit me down alone,
And muse till the return up the rough steep
Of those I've long lost sight of. Am I, then,
Alone? Oh, no! the ocean I so worship
Sends up its softened music to my ear;
The sea-gull, with its back of delicate blue,
And snowy neck, and golden beak and feet,
Stands on a ledge hard by, and tranquilly
O'erlooks the restless deep; in yonder nook
The cormorant leads forth her half-fledged young
To quit the frowning precipice, and plunge
Into the heaving waves, their future home;
The stately raven shines upon his throne
Immoveable, with richest carpet spread
Of orange lichen, fresh from Nature's loom;
The ever-blooming bride of *Z*ephyrus
Lades his soft pinions with the grateful scent
Of the thick-flowering wild thyme; while the sun
Kisses the blushing lavender, and sips
The sparkling spray-drops from the samphire's boughs.
Who would descend from such a glorious scene
To wear the richest crown the wide world boasts?
Here Envy, serpent-fanged, with slanderous breath,
That blisters her own lips, approaches not.

Self-torturing Envy! Thou didst Satan prompt,
When he rebelled against the eternal King,
And tempted Eve to sin; and now, alas!
Too often art thou found in human form.
Against *thee* who can stand? Darkest art thou
Of evil passions—worthy of thy sire!
But in this lonely wild, apart from thee,
How sweet to contemplate the Deity.
This is not solitude, to be alone
With the Creator of the universe:
In the loud-booming wave that heavily
Falls on the glittering sand, and flings its foam
Over the slippery rocks, I hear His voice,
And trace His smile in the delicious flowers
That deck the earth for the delight of man.
All beautiful and wondrous things in nature
Inspire us with deep love for the great Being
Who gave them to us. Surely 'twas His hand
Scooped the mysterious Funnel-rock, whose brink,
Smooth and precipitous, the very goats
Keep far aloof from, lest they topple o'er.
The guide a fearful story doth relate
Of two rash travellers who followed him
Over the crags, and, to his caution deaf,
Entered the roofless cave at flow of tide.
Lost in deep wonder—heedless of his shouts,
And the advancing sea that hastened on
T' o'ertake them in that rock-encompassed place,

They lingered till they saw an arching wave
Rush through the only outlet to the beach.
He that could swim struck out, and gained the spot
On which the anxious guide awaited them;
But *one* was left within. Oh! dreadful doom
To perish thus! Is there no hand to save?
Wave after wave came swiftly rolling in;
Higher and higher rose the waters wild,
Their foam not whiter than the lips it dashed.
He raised his eyes; but save the slimy walls,
No foot could scale, and one small spot above
Of azure sky, nought met his eager gaze.

Meanwhile the guide climbed the stupendous cliff;
Upward he sped, nor rested to take breath.
The goats their browsing ceased, to stare at him—
The laughing gulls flew up, and seemed to mock
With their "ha, ha," the tortured wretch below,
Whose drenched companion vainly tried to outstrip
Him whose sure foot, by pity now impelled,
The summit reached ere he was half way up.

The guide's loud cries brought out his sturdy mates
From their lone cot; laden with ropes they come,

And quickly are they lowered o'er the brink:
Rope after rope is added. Can it be—
And does the miserable man behold
An angel's hand outstretched to rescue him?
Lower and lower it descends; at length
He clutches it, as the last bursting wave
Ran up to lave his breast; another would
Have swept him in its strong recoil away
Into the ocean of Eternity.

Slowly he's drawn from out the tumult wild,
The angry billows howling after him
Like a fierce, hungry wolf balked of his prey.
And now the turf is gained, and on the cold
Exhausted one the cheering sunshine smiles.
With joy and gratitude his heart o'erflows,
As, kneeling, he pours forth his fervent thanks
To God and his deliverers. "Take my gold,
"Ye gallant, sympathising men!" he cried,
"It could not save me in my hour of need,
"But you it may befriend. Take, too, my watch;
"May it ne'er keep such dreadful time for you
"As it hath kept for me! Long be your lives
"And happy; and may Death come not to you
"As he hath threatened me, in form so fierce,
"So horrible! but peaceful be your end
"As the sweet slumber of a sinless babe
"Whose eyes its mother's gentle song hath closed."

GENIUS.

MIGHTY genius, heaven-born!
Of Mammon's worshippers the scorn;
To them incomprehensible,
And therefore reprehensible;
Thou thine eagle wings dost spread
High above pale Envy's head;
Soaring through the clouds of earth
To the God who gave thee birth.
Thou leav'st the little, clay-bound mind,
In its starless night behind:
It cannot trace thy lofty flight
Through the dazzling fields of light.
Gold may hush the plaintive cry
Of hunger, and its tear-drops dry;
But it cannot purchase thee,
Spark of immortality,
Whose inextinguishable light
Can cheer the longest, darkest night.
Can gild adversity's cold chain,
And snap its galling links in twain.

——o——

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FOSTER-MOTHER.

SWEET nurse! thy bitter, mortal strife is o'er,
And thou art landed safe where nevermore
Thy gentle breast shall heave another sigh—
Where hope is perfected in raptures high.
Oh! may I meet thee there, thou darling one,
When I my checkered earthly race have run!
Thy downy bosom was my earliest bed—
By thy dear hand my first weak steps were led.
We loved the wild flowers, and the wild bird's song,
And, hand in hand, our rambles would prolong:
Methinks I see thee now, with outstretched arm,
Reaching the willow's golden, tufted palm;
Or bending o'er the water's edge, to seize
The blue forget-me-not, thy child to please:
And thou wouldst hook to shore the bulrush head,
Whose silky down made soft my dolly's bed.
What sweets delicious strewed my early path!
Thy smiles were bliss—I dreaded not thy wrath:
No word of harshness ever met my ear—
I had not *loved* thee had I learned to *fear*.
For all my childish troubles thou couldst feel;
What wound too deep for thy sweet kiss to heal?

Year after year thus happily rolled by—
Light were the clouds that crossed our brilliant sky.
But, ah! I start to think those years are o'er—
Gone, like a beauteous dream, to come no more.
Alas! how rugged was thy after road—
How hard to bear thy spirit's heavy load!
Beyond the solace of all earthly art
Were the deep woes that broke thy loving heart.
But thy dark night was changed to endless day,
When thou didst spread thy wings and soar away,
To join the perfect round the eternal Throne,
And bask in bliss to human heart unknown.

—o—

THE BELLS OF BOSCASTLE.

A TRADITION OF CORNWALL.

LIST! what soothing peal is that
Mysteriously sounding?
It lades the balmy ocean breeze,
The stranger's ear confounding.

He turns him to the low-towered church,
And all is silent there;
Yet still those sounds, so wild, so sweet,
Are floating in the air.

In times long past a peal of bells
For Boscastle was cast,
And the bark that bore the expected freight
Hove clear in sight at last.

But the sailors made the bells to sound
While yet they were on deck,
And the ominous deed aroused the storm,
And the ship became a wreck.

Down sank the bells into the sea,
Fated no more to rise;
But still they ring when eve doth tinge
With red the summer skies:

And e'en in winter, when the wind
Scourges the foaming wave,
Their peal outsounds the tempest's voice,
Though deep their ocean grave.

——o——

SUGGESTED BY READING THE PARTICULARS OF A SLAVE SALE IN GEORGIA, 1859.

" Within earth's wide domains
" Are markets for men's lives ;
" Their necks are galled with chains,
" Their wrists are cramped with gives."
LONGFELLOW.

STRIKE for the slave, ye free—
Strike for the lash-torn back ;
Pursue the scourger home,
Upon his blood-stained track.

Oh ! ye who love your home—
Your hearth's bright, cheerful blaze—
Think of the bleeding stripes
Beneath the sun's fierce rays !

Think of the agony
That rends the mother's heart,
When from her little ones
She's roughly torn apart.

All tender ties are mocked—
  Sister to brother lost;
Sold by a heartless wretch
  To him who bids the most.

The blood of 'Uncle Tom'
  Is crying from the ground;
It pleadeth for the slave
  From every gaping wound.

Then up, ye gallant ones,
  And fight in mercy's cause!
God made the Negro free,—
  Defy the Slaver's laws!

Surprise the overseer,
  Amid the suffering throng,
And let *him* writhe in torture
  Beneath the cowhide thong.

Oh! land of slavery,
  Of cruelty and woe!
The hand of Nemesis
  Is ready for the blow.

The time will surely come,
  Not distant may it be,
When the snowy cotton-field
  Shall cease to blush for thee.

HEALTH.

HEALTH, delicious, rosy health!
The rich man's friend, the poor man's wealth;—
Say, where shall we find thee?

"On the mountain top I stand,
"With Aurora hand in hand;
Seek me there.

"On the cliff and heath-clad moor,
"Where the gull and skylark soar,—
I am there.

"There the sun doth kiss the earth,
"And with Zephyrus makes mirth:
I revel there.

"On the ocean's azure wave,
"Rolling o'er the sailor's grave,—
I am there.

"Among the garden's lovely flowers,
"Fragrant in the dewy hours,—
I am there.

THE DEAD CHILD AND THE ROBIN.

A little child was in its death-bed laid,
And as it lay in joy, its lovely face
Upon a mother's breast was pressed with care
From which none but the parent suffers here.
It was summer, and the window open stood,
And on the bed the noon-tide sun did beat:
Each day he came, and never failed to bring
His grateful tribute and to sweetly sing.
At length that shadowy, mystic thing called Death
Entered and stole away the infant's breath.
Still came the robin, fluttering all about:
And when the little coffin was borne out,
Upon it, as the mourners walked along,
He warbled all the way his tender song.

CHILDHOOD.

Sweet childhood! blessed are thy days,
When care lurks not beneath
The clustering locks that shade the brow
With their luxuriant wreath.

Elysian hours for ever fled,
When on the new-mown hay
We sat us down, the summer eve
To pass in joyous play.

Above the noble walnut tree
Its fragrant foliage spread,
Drooping its crooked branches down
To fan the uncovered head.

And nurse would ride us on those boughs,
While in the apple tree
The blackcap charmed us with his sweet
And brilliant melody.

The thrush, too, with his cheerful song
Waked echo from its slumber,
Where stood the ancient wall whose years
Tradition failed to number.

Mysterious was that echo's voice,
And oft I asked it why
It came to share our noisy mirth,
Unmingled with a sigh.

"Art thou a spirit," I would cry,
"From yonder heaven of blue?"
"Art thou a spirit," 'twould reply,
"From yonder heaven of blue?"

[illegible]

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THE RESURRECTION OF LADY MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

A LEGEND.

THE night was fair, the moon shone bright,
When out the sexton went,
And stealthily his noiseless steps
To the church of Maker bent.

He turned the key in the yielding lock,
And the door set open wide;
And a placid flood of silvery light
Poured through the aisle its tide.

He listened—not a sound was heard,
For Death reigned monarch there;
And silence, his attendant, watched
Behind his ebon chair.

O'er many a slab the sexton walked
That told of bones beneath;
But he shuddered not, for his callous heart
Was encased in a golden sheath.

And now he was come to search for his god
Beneath the coffin lid
Yet wet with the tears of Mount Edgcumbe's lord
For her it darkly hid.

The screws were loose, and soon his light
Flashed on a ring of gold,
Sparkling with gems; on which, in haste,
He eagerly laid hold.

But the ring unto the finger clung
As if instinct with life,
And with the sacrilegious man
Engaged in stubborn strife.

Harder and harder he pressed the flesh
Imbedding the jewels deep;
When, lo! the lady started up,
Aroused from her death-like sleep!

"Now I am safe," she softly sighed,
And out from her coffin stepped,
Wondering how long in that cold bed
She had so soundly slept.

The sexton with a maniac shriek,
Rushed wildly from the place,
And nevermore did mortal eye
Rest on his guilty face.

Lord Edgcumbe sat in his lonely room
In melancholy mood;
Refusing, in his wretchedness,
All taste of wine or food.

When hark! he hears a knock prolonged
Ring through the outer door!
"Surely," he cries, "that is a knock
"I've often heard before!"

And, summoning his servitors,
He asks who dares to mock
Of her now buried from his sight
The ever-welcome knock.

"My Lord," replied the shuddering ones,
"It is no mockery;
"E'en now the knocking sounds again,
"It *must* our lady be!"

With trembling hand they oped the door,
When awful to behold!
In walked the lady in her shroud,
All shivering with cold!

She carried the lantern left behind
By the sexton when he fled
And left her alone in the charnel-house,
Among the mouldering dead.

Now heap the fires, and let their blaze
Roar up the chimneys wide,
For the Lord of the Mount hath won from death
His loved and faithful bride.

Years passed away, and a son was born,
Lovely in health's rich bloom,
Though his mother had slept in her winding-sheet,
In the dark and icy tomb.

——o——

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT is friendship? but a bubble,
Lovely in the sunshine gay;
But let sorrow's cloud o'ershade it,
And its beauty fades away.

Only test its fragile texture,
And what hollowness appears!
Where are all its rainbow colours?
Washed away by misery's tears.

This is *worldly* friendship's portrait;
But there is another kind,
Although scarce as aloe blossom,
Kissed not by its native wind.

From cold poverty it shrinks not,
Or from death's still colder bed;
It can cheer the captive's dungeon,—
Warm the patriot's blood, half shed.

Let the slaves of fashion's jewels
Sparkle, rich in every dye;
They are dull beside the beauty
Of sweet friendship's loving eye.

——o——

THE TULIP-TREE.

TWILIGHT o'er the land is creeping,—
Sadly sighing, zephyr grieves:
'Neath the tulip-tree I'm listening
To the clattering of its leaves.
Like the heavy drops it soundeth
Of a passing thunder shower;
Oft, to hear the mock rain falling,
Do I seek my tulip bower.

Blossoms bright, whose sea-green petals
Glow with streaks of orange hue;
Feeble is my song to give you
All the praise that is your due.
Oh! where'er my steps may wander,
I can ne'er forget the hours
Passed beneath the drooping branches
Richly decked with tulip flowers.

ELIJAH.

WHAT were thy rapturous feelings, holy man,
When in thy fiery chariot thou didst leave
The earth, on thine aërial voyage bound?
What wonders must have met thy ravished sight,
As through immensity thou didst pursue
Thy glorious way! the heavenly messengers
Bearing thee past the countless stars, into
The presence of thy God. Thrice happy man!
Death had no power o'er thee; his icy hand
Closed not thine eyes; thou didst not see
corruption.
Fain would imagination follow thee
To thy celestial home; but her wing flags,
Unable to sustain such weight of glory.
Oh! thou most highly privileged of prophets,—
Type of the Saviour! as Elisha caught
Thy mantle, and a double portion fell
Of thy prophetic spirit on thy 'Son,'
So, in the robe of righteousness arrayed
Of Him whose blood can cleanse from every sin,
May we be found when summoned to depart.
'Israel's chariot and horsemen,' thou
Enjoy'st thy high reward,—escape from death,
A crown of endless life at God's right hand.

TO THE PANSY.

CHILD of summer, thy bright face
Is loveliest of all thy race.
"Look up and kiss me," children say,
As they pluck thy blossoms gay:
But thou bear'st a happier name,
Heart's-ease, of undying fame.
And canst thou give such ease, rich flower?
Oh, blest and enviable power!
I would all other gifts resign
For that matchless charm of thine.

——o——

TO THE RAINBOW.

O, BOW of beauty! glorious arch
  Of richly blended dyes!
E'en as I gaze, the Almighty One
  Hath on thee His pure eyes.

He's thinking of His promise made
  To drown the world no more:
And thou, soft-beaming bow, dost point
  To Heaven's sweet, placid shore.

GREGOR AND XENIA.

A TRUE TALE OF RUSSIA.

JEDIMINOVO's bells were ringing,
And fragrant flowers bright girls were flinging
On the pathway of the bride
The noble Gregor walked beside.
Godlike was his beauty rare,
And lovely was his Xenia fair.
All the village, gaily drest,
Flocked to see the pair made blest;
Jewels sparkled, posies smiled,
To gratulate the Sexton's child,
As she onward moved to wed
The polished youth in palace bred:
When see! a falcon doth alight
Upon the steeple's topmost height;
And presently the sounds are heard
Of hunters hastening for the bird.
The crowd made way, when soon they saw
Their gallant prince young Jaroslaw,
Who gazed enamoured on the bride,
As she, blushing, stepped aside,
Casting down her beauteous eyes,
Beaming with confused surprise.

And now she drops the bridegroom's hand,
And all around her wondering stand,
For, lo! the prince entreats to wed
The maiden in his favourite's stead;
And Xenia's bosom swells with pride,
As safe the fatal knot is tied.
But thy coronet will be
One of piercing thorns to thee,
Thou faithless one! a time may come
When thou wilt sigh for Gregor's home,—
His lonely cave where twerza flows,
And murmuringly repeats his woes.
There he vowed his life to spend,
Doubtful of all save one true friend.
But soon his spirit passed away;
Resigned it left its form of clay,
To share the love that changeth not,
Where earthly changes are forgot.

Jaroslaw a convent founded,
With high and gloomy walls surrounded,
O'er the deeply injured one,
By abbess prayed for and by nun:
There Gregor sleeps till that great day
When sin and death shall flee away.

——o——

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER where I stood
When the rocky cliff did shake,
And the ocean rose in mountains,
And a deafening roar did make.

And many a living treasure
Was cast up from its home,
And all the beach was covered
With sheets of snowy foam.

Oh! could I once more listen
To that solemn music's voice,
And feel the dark cliff tremble,
'Twould make my heart rejoice.

For calm and sunshine never
Can stir my inmost soul
Like the wind-tossed billows' thunder,
As on the shore they roll.

THE CHILD'S LAMENT FOR ITS DEAD MOTHER.

AND shall I never see thee more,—
Art thou for ever gone?
And am I left in this cold world
To fight my way alone?

I miss thee, mother, where the doves
Coo in the mossy wood;
And by the tinkling stream that runs
To join the ocean's flood.

I pick the lovely flowers that grow
In sparkling meadows fair;
But ah! thy hand no longer helps
To fill my basket there.

I linger where the bluebells hang
Beneath the sheltering trees;
And wander on the moor to meet
The pure, refreshing breeze.

I seek the harebell delicate
That loves a sunny spot;
And, by the brook, the heavenly blue
Of the forget-me-not.

And ever do I think of thee,
Sweet mother; and I sigh
For Angel-wings, that I may soar
Beyond the dazzling sky.

Oh! come and walk with me again,
And tell me on the way
Of that delightful, sunny land
Where it is always day.

In fancy oft I see thy form;
And surely thou art near
When on my little pillow falls,
For thee, the scalding tear.

Whisper some soothing word to me,
And tell me I shall go,
Ere long, to thy bright dwelling place,
Where tears shall cease to flow.

REPLY OF THE CHILD'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Pale, drooping flower! lift up thy head,—
Love still the works of God;
The brook's forget-me-not, the heath,
And harebell-sprinkled sod;

And every other lovely thing
That blooms, or flies in air:
God will accept such worship pure,
And thy unstudied prayer.

And ere long I will spread my wings,
And bear thee to the home
Where thy sweet mother waits for thee,
Beyond yon azure dome.

——o——

THE VALLEYS OF THE UPAS.

DREAD valleys of the shadow of Death,
Ever exhaling poisonous breath;
How ghastly is your bone-strewn ground!
What desolation reigns around!
No voice, no step of man or brute
The curious traveller doth salute:
In vain he listens for a sound,—
The gloomy silence is profound.
No scent of flower the sense revives;
Alone the deadly upas thrives:
Its lofty boughs on poison live,
And freely do they poison give.
Insect and bird, in rich attire,
Seek shelter there but to expire.

Linger not, stranger, but beware,
For fatal is the vaporous air.
Th' explorer's skeleton doth say,
" Mortal, the warning voice obey;
" For if in sleep thine eyelids close,
" Endless will be that deep repose."

——o——

TO THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH.

Downy moth, with humming wings,
Busy in the summer air;
Hovering o'er the luscious flowers,
And darting here and there.

Deep into the nectaries
Thy proboscis thou dost dip,
In quick succession, thy repast,
So sweet and pure, to sip.

None can trace thy lineaments
In thy swift and restless flight,
And never in thy search for food
Dost thou on aught alight.

Keen-eyed moth, 'tis evident
That thou dost lack one sense,
For thou art not attracted by
The garden's fragrant incense.

As at the open casement
I sat one brilliant day,
I saw thee taste each bloom that spread
Its beauty in thy way:

And then all round the papered walls
Thou didst pursue thy flight,
Trying the painted flowers there
So charming to thy sight.

But not a single nectar-cup
Had they to offer thee.
O, silly moth! such blossoms false
Never deceive the *bee*.

Thy labour lost, on booming wings
Thou soon wast far away;
But thou wilt test those flowers again,
I ween, some other day.

—o—

THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

MYSTERIOUS Triune of no race!
Inhabitant of endless space!
On that dread day of mortal fear,
When heaven and earth shall disappear;
When, seated on Thy great white throne,
Thou shalt make every secret known;
The mystery of Thyself shall be
Ended for all Eternity.

—o—

TO THE DORMOUSE.

PRETTY fur-clad little creature,
With thy glistening eye of jet;
Well may loving children prize thee,
As their sweet and gentle pet.

Winter's cold doth never nip thee,
For within thy mossy bed,
Warmly, carefully wrapped round thee,
Thou dost slumber as if dead.

When the frost and snow have vanished,
And the sunbeams pierce thy nest,
Thou dost stretch thyself and waken
From thy deep, unbroken rest.

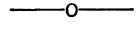
Then thou hear'st the gay birds warbling
On the branches of thy wood;
And the Hand that formed thy beauty
There provides thy grateful food.

——o——

THE FOUNTAIN-TREE.

WHAT plant that grows can compare with thee,
Beautiful, generous Fountain-tree?
Withered and gone is each fragrant flower,—
The parched earth gapes for the cooling shower;
And old and young, with cleaving tongue,
Their last fond look to heaven have flung,
Despairing of the longed-for cloud,
As night outspreads her gloomy shroud;
When, hark! what sounds salute the ear,—
Sounds to the eager listener dear?
'Tis the Fountain-tree beginning to weep
That man for misery cannot sleep:
Full soon its trickling tears run fast,—
The hour of misery is past;
All seek the limpid fount they adore,—
Their thirst is slaked, their pitchers run o'er;
Sick Nature drinks the copious rain,
And Pluvialia smiles again.

The pure air into beauty weaves
The tall banana's giant-leaves,
Beneath whose softly-tinted lustre
The yellow pomes, delicious, cluster;
The luscious grapes hang on the vine,
And richly flavoured swells the pine;
The orange and its blossoms sweet,
In living gold and silver meet;
The peach's downy cheek is red,
And fragrant is the melon-bed;
And many another tempting fruit
Ripens, as many tastes to suit.
Bright and beautiful evergreen tree,
Thy emerald, silver-lined foliage for me!
Drooping in the blaze of day,
Thine are not charms for vain display;
But darkness hears thy welcome voice,
Which makes the fainting heart rejoice,
And calls the flowers from their tomb,
To fill the Isle with scent and bloom.



THE RESURRECTION OF DRY BONES.

THE Lord's hand was upon me, and away
It bore me, in the Spirit, to survey
A vale of bones, made snowy by the sun,
That long had ceased their living course to run.
No trace was there of rustling spear or shield,
To tell I stood upon a battle field;
Yet, countless as the pebbles on the shore,
That silent valley was with bones spread o'er.
Wond'ring I gazed; at length a voice there broke
Upon the solitude, and thus it spoke:—
"Frail son of man, think'st thou these bones can live?
"Can I unto them flesh and sinews give?"
"Oh! Lord, thou knowest!" humbly I replied.
"Then prophesy," the voice Almighty cried,
"And bid them, bone to bone, in order meet,
"And rise a multitude, in form complete."
I prophesied, obedient to the word,
When lo! a shaking, rattling noise I heard;
Bone joined to bone, and flesh and sinews grew,
And lastly skin; a wondrous work to view.
Again in stirless silence lay the dead—
No sigh was breathed, none raised the pallid head;

No breeze swept o'er them, but a calm profound
Death's awful presence cast on all around.
Once more I prophesied; and from the north,
And south, and east, and west, the wind came forth:
Then heaved the breast, the stony eye grew bright,
The white lip reddened, and—Oh! startling sight!
A mighty army rose upon my view,
Thick as the stars of heaven, or morning dew!
"These are the house of Israel," said the Lord,
"Who in the wilderness despised my word.
"We are forsaken, and our bones are dry,
"Our hope is lost!" despairingly they cry:
"But, son of man, lift up again thy voice,
"And tell my chosen people to rejoice:
"No more shall they bow down to stone and wood—
"No more, unpitying, shed the victim's blood;
"For I will bring them to the land that flows
"With milk and honey which for them I chose—
"That blessed country by their fathers trod,
"Where they shall worship me, their only God."

——o——

AND IS IT SWEET TO DIE?

AND is it sweet to die,
And leave all earthly care?
Ah! whither then doth fly
The spirit, light as air?

Ye blessed Angels, tell,
What is your heaven like?
Oh! to your harp's rich swell
Recite it, as ye strike.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Our city is of gold,
For mortal eye too bright;
Unfading flowers unfold
Their beauties to our sight:

Our spotless feet they kiss,
They deck our radiant hair,
And lade with nameless bliss
The soft, delicious air.

Luxuriant bowers outspread
Their pure, resplendent dyes,
Thick-arching overhead,
Delighting Angels' eyes.

We pluck the lovely gems,
  But still they grow no less;
They form sweet diadems
  To crown our happiness.

Unnumbered blossoms peep
  Into the warbling streams,
Although no sun doth steep
  Their beauty in its beams.

We take our glorious flight,
  And far and wide we sweep;
We fear no shades of night,
  And know not what is sleep.

We fold our snowy wings,
  And roam where'er we please;
One takes his harp and sings,
  While others list at ease.

In our Elysian bowers
  We hold discourse sublime,
And take no note of hours;
  With us there is no time.

Our groves are thick and sweet;
  We wander hand in hand,
And there delight to meet,
  A bright and joyful band.

Our love's unmixed with fear—
We never heave a sigh;
No traces of a tear
Bedim an Angel's eye.

And ever and anon
We worship at the throne
Of Him who sits thereon,
In glory all His own.

A rainbow round about
Doth like an emerald shine,
And none He casteth out
That for admission pine.

Mortal! there still is hope
While yet that bow is there;
Unbounded is its scope:
Then seek our bliss to share.

Your world puts on a dress
Of every shade of green,
When spring your sight doth bless
In all its varied sheen.

Emblem of cheering hope
Is that soft, emerald hue,
And of Almighty love
Your lofty sky of blue.

Though rugged is the road
That leadeth unto life,
Bear up beneath thy load,—
The end is worth the strife.

We'll watch your dying bed,
And bear your spirit back
To Him whose blood was shed
To mark your Heavenward track.

No cold oppressor's wrongs
Shall ever reach you here;
Your tender Father longs
To wipe away the tear.

Thus it is sweet to die—
To leave all earthly care,
And soar beyond the sky,
Our endless joys to share.

——o——

TO THE EDELWEISS.

LITTLE gem, in dress of richest velvet,
Divinely wrought to suit thee to thy home;
How welcome art thou from thy snowy mountain,
Whither *my* steps are destined ne'er to roam.

Thousands of feet above the quiet valley,
Upon the setting sun thou didst look down;
Thy pallid face bathed in his farewell glory,
While all in dusk lay the low, sheltered town.

What icy cold, what storms and lightning-flashes
Thou didst survive, fair flower, reserved for *me!*
Blest be the filial hand that bore thy beauty
Over the glacier's ever-frozen sea.

The overwhelming avalanche did spare thee,—
The thunder stirred it not when thou didst bloom.
Oh! would that I had seen thy downy petals
Spreading in *life* from out their chilly tomb!

Would I could climb to where thou late didst
flourish,
And view thy sisters in the spotless snow;
Their features wan in the unclouded moonlight,
And blushing in the evening's gorgeous glow!

Vain wish! I can but keep thee carefully;
And when my earthly vision shall be o'er,
May some kind hand to him who kindly gave
thee,
Wild offspring of the Alps, the gift restore.